

BOOTH'S MIDNIGHT BURIAL

Body of Lincoln's Assassin in a Baltimore Cemetery.

LAST ACT OF GREAT TRAGEDY

Secrecy Imposed and Observed and Darkens Fittingly Enshrouds the Last Act of the Closing Scene.

Where lies the body of J. Wilkes Booth, the assassin of President Lincoln? Scores of stories regarding the disposition of the body have been in circulation from time to time, some going to the limit of denying his death and making him a resident under an alias of a dozen cities.

Booth was surrounded by his pursuers in a barn near the town of Bowling Green, Caroline county, Va., and shot to death in the afternoon of April 26, 1865. The body sewed up in a saddle blanket and taken by wagon to Belle Plain, which was reached in the afternoon on its way to Washington.

One of the largest of the cells on the ground floor, filled with fixed ammunition stored there by the Ordnance department, was cleared, a large flat stone lifted from its place and a rude grave was dug.

Here the body rested, known to but a few persons, for nearly four years, according to the Ledger writer. Finally, on February 15, 1869, Edwin Booth received from President Andrew Johnson permission to bury his brother's remains removed to Baltimore for final burial.

Preparations were immediately made for the disinterment of the body. There were present a military officer, several undertakers, a representative of the press, and a file of soldiers.

Although Edwin Booth had interested himself in behalf of the removal of his brother's body, he did not attend the final burial of the remains.

Considerable mystery attended the interment, the intention being to keep it as private as possible and prevent any sort of a demonstration.

The body arrived in Baltimore at noon of February 27, 1869, and was immediately taken to Weaver's undertaking establishment, where it was kept until the following night at five o'clock.

Among those who looked at the body and identified it as that of John Wilkes Booth was William L. Ballauf, who became the property boy of the Holiday Street theater on October 6, 1864, and who at last accounts was the stage carpenter of that theater, having been practically fifty-five years of continuous service in one playhouse.

Another who was permitted to view the remains was Dr. J. R. W. Dunbar of Baltimore, who had taken advantage of opportunities granted to but few men. Not only did Dr. Dunbar view the remains of Booth, but it was he who was permitted to examine the body of George Washington when it was removed from the tomb in which it was originally buried to the one that is now so familiar to every pilgrim who visits Mount Vernon, Va.

It was just fifteen minutes before midnight when the body of Booth was taken to the cemetery in an ordinary undertaker's wagon, in order not to attract any attention. It was feared, quite naturally, that the least bit of publicity would cause a demonstration on the part of the many southern sympathizers who were then in Baltimore.

The body had been removed from Washington in charge of John H. Weaver, the undertaker. Mrs. Booth, Mrs. Clarke, and Dr. Booth drove to the cemetery in a closed carriage, while the few friends of Wilkes Booth who were to witness the interment gathered at the Ross House and proceeded to the cemetery as quietly as possible.

At that time a man named Burkhard was the superintendent of Greenmount cemetery, and he had given orders that the grave should be dug that night after dark, every possible precaution being taken to prevent any demonstration on the part of the many whose sympathies were wholly with the south.

The body was lowered into the grave at precisely fifteen minutes after midnight. The silence was oppressive. Everyone gathered about the grave had known Booth in life as an eccentric man and a brilliant actor. There was absolutely no ceremony.

TIED IN AMERICAN STYLE

Chinese Bride and Groom, American Born, Buckle Up with Native Ritual.

Tom-tom, joss sticks and devil papers were conspicuously absent when pretty black-eyed Young Oy, 20 years old, promised to love, honor and obey Young Wing Jow for the remainder of her life.

After the ceremony the Chinese couple became best man and woman for the American couple, who suddenly had decided to be married in the same spot.

When the ceremony was concluded the couple departed for Jow's laundry at 931 Clarendon avenue, where they will spend their honeymoon.

The arrangements for the ceremony were made several days ago by Jow.

When B. Fay Mills was in Omaha recently he cited, in one of his lectures, the case of John Gordon, 2423 South Twenty-fourth street, in illustration of the power of mind to overcome adverse conditions.

The pluck, the cheerfulness, the manly pride of John Gordon are as remarkable as his physical condition is pitiful, and those acquainted with his case cannot cease to marvel how his intrepid and sanguine spirit compels vital services from a broken body that is already half dead.

Mr. Gordon is a hero who is fighting the battle of self-support though a prisoner within four walls and flat on his back.

Co-Operation Is Wisdom: yet six wagons are required to deliver the morning milk to the residents of one city block; the farmer receives four cents for his milk, while one and one-half million dollars daily for the maintenance of prisons—Civilization in its infancy?

That \$1,000 Was Earned at an expense which deprived me of every hope of profit. No invalid could succeed alone. Had I been permitted to have repeated this offer in behalf of some established charity, provision for my future could have been nicely arranged, for with public co-operation I could have earned \$5,000 for them within two years, and the interest would have brought me \$100 a year for life.

As a Last Hope of provision for my decline I made a contract with the Ladies' Home Journal and Saturday Evening Post to procure subscriptions each month from Oct. 1st to May 30th, for which the publisher will deposit \$2,000 with the Conservative Saving and Loan Association for my benefit, the principal to revert to some charity to be decided by the vote of my subscribers.

A Life's Pension I do not handle the money nor will I ever see it, but the interest will bring me \$20 a month for life. With the assurance of fuel and light I can live. 3,263 subscriptions have been written, but I must still have 797 more before May 30th to earn the full \$2,000.

Back Broken: Paralyzed from waist down, including the lower organs. There is neither feeling nor power of motion in the flaccid parts, yet friendless and bedfast, unable to even sit erect, propped up with pillows in the isolation of my room. I must literally support myself or perish. Tomorrow were I ill or unable to provide I would be deserted to my fate.

My greatest difficulty is the egotistic idea that need or affliction can be made a source of profit—sheer vanity. I never heard of an invalid who achieved a position of self support and I never knew any one to make definite provision for some one need for a dependent.

I have much respect for the scientist; also frankly advocate the doctrine of euthanasia. Those who are physically dependent should be allowed the privilege of release, but I tremble when well meaning people so benignantly recount the blessings of an institution. Hospitals will not accept incurables. As for the almshouse if you ever visited the sitting room of such an institution where fifteen or twenty old men while away the idle hours of winter, you may have wondered why so many of them wore their hats. A little investigation might disclose the fact that there was no other sale or convenient place where it might be left.

GORDON, the Magazine Man, OMAHA

Musical Leader Who Will Direct the Saengerfest

Theodore Rudolph Reese has the distinction of making Omaha the most important musical center in the western states.

He came here from Davenport. When overtures were made to him originally he was reluctant to come, but when he came to know the fine quality of the vast amount of material here he concluded to leave the Iowa town and accomplish greater things.

He has almost won, but he has only a week left and needs over 100 more subscriptions, original or renewals, and the Master by often sitting at the bedside of this afflicted man, in urging that the people of Omaha rally to him and give him the victory.

He richly deserves success and those who assist him by their patronage in achieving it will magnify and ennoble their own hearts.—Omaha World-Herald, Feb. 20, 1910.

Building Permits. McCague Investment company, 1415-17 Chicago street, shop, \$1,000. G. W. Edwards, 1523 Spencer, frame dwelling, \$3,500. Paul Board, 348 Cass street, concrete dwelling, \$1,750. W. J. Naylor, 1523 South Twenty-fifth street, frame dwelling, \$2,500. W. J. Naylor, 371 Webster street, frame dwelling, \$2,500.

Musical Leader Who Will Direct the Saengerfest

Theodore Rudolph Reese has the distinction of making Omaha the most important musical center in the western states. As director of the local Saengerfest association he contributed a large part of the success which attended last year's festival of the National Saengerfest association, which event brought Omaha into great prominence among the musical cities of the United States.



THEODORE RUDOLPH REESE.

These bids fall to be the greatest local musical event ever exposted in this city.

MASTERING HIS FATE

When B. Fay Mills was in Omaha recently he cited, in one of his lectures, the case of John Gordon, 2423 South Twenty-fourth street, in illustration of the power of mind to overcome adverse conditions. To those who know the circumstances, the forcefulness of the illustration is fully appreciated.

Co-Operation Is Wisdom: yet six wagons are required to deliver the morning milk to the residents of one city block; the farmer receives four cents for his milk, while one and one-half million dollars daily for the maintenance of prisons—Civilization in its infancy?

Advertisement for The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia, March 2, 1910. Includes a check for \$1,018.00 and a note about a contract with the Ladies' Home Journal and Saturday Evening Post.

That \$1,000 Was Earned at an expense which deprived me of every hope of profit. No invalid could succeed alone. Had I been permitted to have repeated this offer in behalf of some established charity, provision for my future could have been nicely arranged, for with public co-operation I could have earned \$5,000 for them within two years, and the interest would have brought me \$100 a year for life.

I Must Mail 237 More Subscriptions in April or I Will Fail. The Ladies' Home Journal . . . \$1.50 The Saturday Evening Post . . . \$1.50 Both Three Dollars. Your Renewals Count

50,000 People Will Read This Ad. The Saturday Evening Post and Ladies' Home Journal have a circulation of four million copies; there are 60,000 subscribers in Nebraska; 1,000 copies of the Post are purchased weekly in Omaha alone by people who could save \$1.10 a year. Surely 237 will place their orders or renewals to save the \$2,000 prize. Make it two years if you can.

Now Get the Facts. Paralyzed from waist down, including the lower organs. There is neither feeling nor power of motion in the flaccid parts, yet friendless and bedfast, unable to even sit erect, propped up with pillows in the isolation of my room. I must literally support myself or perish. Tomorrow were I ill or unable to provide I would be deserted to my fate.

GORDON, the Magazine Man, OMAHA

The Omaha Bee's Great Booklovers' Contest



No. 10—SATURDAY, APRIL 22, 1911.

What Does This Picture Represent?

Title Author Your name Street and Number City or town

After you have written in the title of the book save the coupon and picture. Do not send any coupon in until the end of the contest is announced. Remember the picture represents the title of a book—not a scene or character from it.

Catalogues containing the names of all the books on which the puzzle pictures are based are for sale at the business office of The Bee—25 cents. By mail, 30 cents.

Rules of the Contest. All persons are eligible to enter this contest except employees of the Omaha Bee and members of their families. Each day, for seventy-five days, there will be published in The Bee a picture which will represent the name of a book.

First Prize Value \$2,000. A \$2,000 Apperson 'Jack Rabbit' touring car, Model Four Thirty, with five-passenger capacity. It is a great car in a great contest. It has many speed and road records, and today ranks among the leading motor cars.

Second Prize Value \$750. Not everybody can play a piano but everybody would like to. The \$750 Kimball player-piano, worth \$750, which is the second grand prize, will furnish music for you whether you play or not.

Third Prize Value \$500. This prize is a beautiful lot in A. P. Tukey & Son's Her addition, adjacent to Hancock park and Central boulevard. It is lot 4 of block eight, on Thirty-third street, and is 50x120 feet.

Fourth Prize Value \$250. A \$250 Columbia 'Hegent' Grafonola and the worth of records form the fourth grand prize. This excellent instrument is one of the finest manufactured. It is built of finest mahogany throughout.

Thirty-Five Cash Prizes Value \$140. Five Prizes of \$10. Ten Prizes of \$5. Twenty Prizes of \$2. Watch for the Daily Picture in The Bee.